Amber

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/52084564.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Masturbation, Whiskey - Freeform, Anal Fingering, Dildos, Tipsy Will Graham, First Time Bottoming, Whiskey Bottom Will Graham, Butt Plugs, Kitchen Sex, Floor Sex, Clothed Sex, Anal Sex, Top Hannibal Lecter, Bottom Will Graham
Language:	English
Series:	Part 12 of Hannibal Bingo 2022/2023
Stats:	Published: 2023-12-13 Words: 3,168 Chapters: 1/1

Amber

by hartfeathers

Summary

Will shivers and presses against the base of the dildo so it grinds inside him, biting his lip as he imagines it's Hannibal's hot, hard cock. A few weeks ago he started exploring his body in private with the nudge of a glass of whiskey, or three; beginning with his fingers one at a time then caving and on a solo shopping trip he purchased a toy, or three, from a store not too far from their house. All in preparation for tonight.

He is finally going to ask Hannibal to fuck him.

~~~~

Prompt - Whiskey
~~~~

Will downs the last of his whiskey in one swallow, he puts the glass down on the bedside table and quickly refills it from the bottle. He takes another quick swig then shifts on the bed, he groans deeply as he wraps his lube coated hand around his throbbing cock. He pants and feels his cheeks flush, he reaches between his legs to his wet and already stretched hole, sinking three fingers back inside with a hitched gasp. He thrusts his fingers and whines, then moans loudly when he catches his swollen prostate. He shivers as he grinds his fingers deep, then pulls them out and shoves them back in hard, his back arches and his mouth falls open in silent pleasure.

He keens when he pulls his fingers free, pausing to take another small sip of whiskey, then he picks up the dildo from where it lays on the bed beside him. He trembles with nervous excitement as he slicks the toy with copious amounts of lube, his breath comes in quick, shallow pants as he places it against his hole. Will bites his lip and pushes the dildo inside, making a high noise in his throat as it fills him, longer and thicker than his fingers. He pauses with it half way in to simply catch his breath and spreads his legs wider, the movement shifts the toy and it nudges against his prostate, he curses, pleasure skittering up his spine. Eagerly he pushes the toy further until he feels the base press against him, whining at the feeling of being so full and rocking his hips to feel the silicone cock move inside him. He slowly thrusts the toy, reveling in the filthy wet sound between his legs, his chest heaves as he gulps down air. A sob is torn from his throat when the dildo glides over his prostate and he has to grab the base of his cock to stop himself from coming.

He shivers and holds the toy deep inside him as he waits for the knot of ecstasy to unwind, allowing himself to ebb away from the precipice. As he lies there, a dildo held inside him and his cock almost painfully hard, he thinks about Hannibal. He releases his cock and grabs his glass once more, swallowing a mouthful of whiskey, his slick fingers almost dropping the tumbler. His blood is pleasantly buzzed and his mind is relaxed from the alcohol but he's still coherent enough to know what he's doing. He just needs enough liquid courage to enable him to let go of his inhibitions, of his nervousness.

He and Hannibal have been having sex for a while now, finally exploring another aspect of intimacy in their relationship, but Will always tops. They talked about it before starting their sexual relationship and Will admitted he'd never been with another man before, though he'd thought about it more than once. Hannibal was more than happy, eager even, to be penetrated - he absolutely revels in being the center of Will's attention and lavishes in the pleasure, hedonist that he is. The older man has never pressured Will about their bedroom dynamics, never even asked to switch, and while Will appreciated that at the beginning it's now unreasonably irritating him.

He's given thought to penetration a few times in his life but never actually took that step, until now. A couple of months ago the thought began creeping in. He would get distracted while fucking Hannibal, looking at the pleasure on his face and wondering if it really felt that good. And then he couldn't stop thinking about it. About Hannibal looming over him while he used his long, nimble fingers to open him up. How it would feel to have Hannibal's cock inside him, to watch the man lose control as he fucked into Will's body.

Will shivers and presses against the base of the dildo so it grinds inside him, biting his lip as he imagines it's Hannibal's hot, hard cock. A few weeks ago he started exploring his body in private with the nudge of a glass of whiskey, or three; beginning with his fingers one at a time then caving and on a solo shopping trip he purchased a toy, or three, from a store not too far from their house. All in preparation for tonight.

He is finally going to ask Hannibal to fuck him.

He slowly pulls the dildo out, groaning low in his throat, rolling his hips at the empty feeling once it slips free. He licks his dry lips and wipes his hand on the towel beneath him, he grabs his glass and drinks the remaining whiskey. Instead of refilling it, again, he places the empty tumbler on the table and takes a slow, shaky breath. He picks up the other toy on the bed beside him and considers it; a simple black silicone plug, the same girth as his dildo but shorter.

He had debated whether or not to use it but with his combination of faint nervousness and steadily growing excitement he doesn't think he could cope with Hannibal opening him up again. Having Hannibal finger him would either turn him into a begging mess or send him running - this first time he needs to hold onto a bit of control. He knows Hannibal would never do anything he wouldn't like, at least when it comes to sex, but doing this by himself gives him a sense of control he can't quite explain but soothes his nerves nonetheless.

He applies another liberal amount of lube, an unnecessary amount really given how wet he already is and how much precum Hannibal leaks but there's no such thing as too much lube. And he can't deny that the filthy sound and feeling of being absolutely soaked turns him on. He presses the tapered tip to his hole and pushes lightly, groaning softly as it sinks inside easily. He lies back and rolls his hips, sighing a moan when the plug shifts but stays locked inside him. He relaxes and just breathes, allowing his body to adjust and calm down a little. He sits up and gently wipes the excess lube from his skin, hissing when he cleans his waning cock. He slowly dresses; pulling on a t-shirt, comfortable underwear and a pair of loose jeans, grunting as he adjusts his still half hard cock.

As he's balling up the lube covered towels he hears the door downstairs open and close, Hannibal has returned from his shopping trip. Will throws the towels in the hamper and takes a deep fortifying breath that he slowly releases as he opens the bedroom door.

Once downstairs he finds Hannibal putting away groceries in the kitchen, his back to Will, and for a moment he simply watches the older man. Alcohol and desire is making his blood thrum, he feels almost jittery with it, he swallows back a small moan when he clenches on the plug inside him.

“Hello, Will.” Hannibal speaks without turning around.

Will rolls his eyes, “Hello, Hannibal.” he parrots.

Hannibal turns with a slightly raised eyebrow and a smirk. Will feels his cheeks warm even more than they already are, he tries to appear somewhat nonchalant as he walks across the room and grabs a whiskey bottle from the shelf. He can almost feel Hannibal's eyes following his every move as he pours himself a generous few fingers. He takes several small sips in

succession and very deliberately doesn't look at Hannibal despite knowing he's being watched like a hawk. His throat and blood burn pleasantly, he feels loose and excited, arousal simmers in his gut and his cock is still thick with want.

“How was your afternoon, my darling?” Hannibal asks as he refocuses his attention on the groceries.

Now free from Hannibal's burning gaze Will feels both relieved and annoyed. He throws back the rest of his whiskey and the corner of his lips curl, “It was…” he turns to face Hannibal, making a soft sound in his throat when the movement shifts the plug, “productive.”

Hannibal is still and his sharp eyes are roaming over every inch of Will's body, Will's little moan immediately catching his curiosity. Will can't help but shiver under the intensity of his gaze and he knows Hannibal can see the flush of his cheeks, the dilation of his pupils and the slight bulge in his jeans.

“What are you up to, my cunning boy?”

Will licks his lips, “Why don't you come over here and find out?” he replies in a low, husky voice.

Hannibal moves, eating up the space between them in three long strides, and Will's breath catches in his throat when the older man crowds him against the counter, his heart pounds beneath his ribs. He sighs and arches into Hannibal's body when strong hands grip his hips, biting his lip as he grinds against the thigh between his legs. He hears Hannibal growl then fingers grab his hair, jerking his head back so Hannibal can kiss him, a hot press of lips and insistent slide of his tongue. It's possessive and greedy, claiming and yearning all at once.

Hannibal breaks their kiss to bury his head in Will's neck, sucking on the thin skin until they both know it will bruise, “I can taste whiskey on your tongue, darling.” Will grunts softly as teeth nip his skin, Hannibal's words caress his throat, “Are you feeling indulgent today, my dear boy?”

His voice is teasing and seductive in a way that makes Will squirm because that tone usually means hours of torturous foreplay that leave them both strung out on pleasure. Will wraps an arm around Hannibal's shoulders and leans in until his lips brush his ear while he guides Hannibal's hand into the back of his jeans. He keens as he feels Hannibal warm hand against his bare ass, the buzz in his blood pushes him forward, he presses Hannibal's fingers between his cheeks. “Alcohol isn't all I've indulged in.” he whispers.

For a terrifying moment Hannibal freezes, his entire body going stiff against Will and not even the high of alcohol can soothe the tight coil of anxiety that knots itself into his chest. He dares not speak, barely breathing while his head spins with different scenarios of how to extract himself from the situation, each one clumsily tripping over the whiskey influence until all he can think is *run*. But before he can move a finger Hannibal snarls and suddenly they're on the floor, Hannibal tearing at Will's jeans with a singular determination. Will leans up on his elbows, his body jerking as Hannibal harshly pulls his clothes from him, panting shallowly when he sees the almost animalistic desire overtaking Hannibal's sharp features.

He emits a high sound of surprise when Hannibal grabs his legs, now naked from the waist down, and pushes his thighs up until Will's lower back rests on his thighs. Will feels his face heat as his legs are spread in such a way that puts him completely on display. He knows that if it wasn't for the whiskey still humming through him he would have kicked at the other man and fled, the raw vulnerability would have been too much to bear. As it is, he simply clenches his eyes shut and tries to focus on his breathing, and not the man kneeling between his splayed legs looking at him like a piece of art and delicious meal all at once.

“Oh, my darling.” Hannibal purrs, his voice is rough and it makes Will shiver.

He whines in his throat when he feels fingers press against the plug, causing it to rub deeper. Hannibal carefully pulls the plug out a few inches and then slowly sinks it back in, Will gasps and his eyes fly open as Hannibal begins fucking him with it. He rolls his hips down best he can in his prone position and moans, the plug nudges against his prostate on every few thrusts and the slick sound of it sliding into his body makes him groan. His cock is throbbing and leaking all over his belly, his arousal back with a vengeance and he feels so close but he wants more, he needs it.

“Fuck me.” the words tumble from his lips, heavy with lust and laced with whiskey.

Hannibal pauses and simply stares at him, his glowing amber eyes boring deep into Will's. He knows Hannibal can see, and taste, the influence of alcohol but Hannibal knows what Will looks like when he's drunk beyond comprehension, and this isn't it.

Will, growing impatient, grabs the back of Hannibal's neck and pulls him forward to bite a kiss to his pouty mouth. “Fuck me.” he demands against Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal answers by snarling and hooking Will's knees over his clothed shoulders, Will grunts when the plug is harshly pulled from his body and thrown across the floor. He keens at the stretch as Hannibal almost folds his body in half so he can nuzzle against his jaw.

“Next time,” Hannibal rasps against the skin of his throat, his breath making Will's heated skin burn. “I'm going to take my time with you.” Scorching kisses press to his pulse point. “I'm going to spend hours opening you on my tongue,” Will moans as Hannibal licks along his collarbone, threading his fingers into Hannibal's hair to keep him clutched against him. “on my fingers,” Will bites his lip and tries to rock his hips down as Hannibal thrusts two fingers inside him, groaning when a third easily slips in. Hannibal growls deep in his chest, Will can feel the rumble of it against the backs of his thighs, and teeth nip his skin. He makes a noise of protest as Hannibal pulls his fingers out but then keens eagerly when he feels the hot, wet head of Hannibal's cock rub against his perineum. “on my cock.”

“Hannibal, *please*.” Will begs, his fingers digging into Hannibal's arms.

They moan in unison as Hannibal sinks into Will, burying his cock deep with a slow unceasing glide. Will's legs tremble and his mouth hangs open in silent pleasure, basking in finally feeling Hannibal's cock inside him. A pleasured sob falls from his lips when he feels the heat of Hannibal's hips against his ass, the hot length of his thick cock buried to the hilt. The delicious burning ache makes Will arch his back and grind down on Hannibal's cock, the

sensation so much more intense than he expected. He knows he isn't going to last long and judging the almost pained look on Hannibal's face neither is he.

“Hannibal, *move*.” he whines and before the word has even fully left his lips Hannibal draws back and thrusts into him hard. Will throws his head back and moans loudly, the sound echoing through the kitchen.

Hannibal sets a brutal pace, fucking into Will in short sharp thrusts, all his careful control washed away by the heated clench of Will's body. Will can do nothing but moan and take it, in this position he is completely at Hannibal's mercy and he simply surrenders to it. His mind is clouded with searing arousal and the fizz of alcohol, he feels dizzy with it.

“Oh, *fuck*.” he curses, sharp pleasure races up his spine as Hannibal suddenly changes pace to long, deep thrusts. Will can feel every inch of his cock sliding in and out of his hole, it's driving him insane. “Cher, please,” he pants, “I'm so fucking close.”

Hannibal snaps his hips and Will sobs, the older man fucks him hard and fast. His body aches from the position but the overwhelming pleasure overrides it, a broken keen escapes him when Hannibal shifts his angle until he begins hitting Will's prostate with every sharp thrust. Will leans up so he can nudge his nose against Hannibal's, the space between them hot and damp with their breath. Hannibal's clothes drag against his skin, the other man hadn't even the patience to strip; he merely unbuttoned himself enough to free his cock. The fact Hannibal couldn't wait to have him long enough to disrobe makes Will quiver.

“Touch yourself,” Hannibal rasps, “I want you to come for me.” Will whines at the words and obeys, moaning as he wraps a hand around his aching cock. “I want to watch you come on my cock.”

Will sobs, the filthy words are like fire beneath his skin, he's always been weak for hearing Hannibal dirty talk. He locks his eyes on Hannibal's pleasure wrought face and jerks his cock, matching his strokes with Hannibal quick thrusts. He revels in the way Hannibal moans as he fucks him, deep and guttural, a primal sound that sends a shiver up his spine and makes him whimper. His breath hitches with small moans and he feels his gut tighten, pleasure building in his groin, as Hannibal's cock assaults his prostate and it's all too much.

“Hannibal,” he whines, his hand tightening around his cock, “I - *fuck* -” Cum paints his belly and his whole body tightens as ecstasy rolls through him, he cries out desperately, overwhelmed by pleasure.

Hannibal fucks him through it, snarling almost viciously when Will's hole clenches around his cock. Will whines and mewls as he begins to tip into overstimulation, pleasure still buzzing in his blood but turning sharp. It hurts so fucking good he wants to cry.

“Hannibal, please,” he begs breathlessly, “Cum in me.”

At those words Hannibal snarls and snaps his hips, burying his cock deep and finally gives into the pleasure he's been trying to hold off. Will keens in his throat at the hot, wet sensation of Hannibal's cum spilling inside him. He spreads his hand over his abdomen and whines as he presses down a little.

They tremble with the aftershocks of pleasure, their bodies still locked together while their hearts pound furiously in their chests. Hannibal slowly pulls back and guides his legs down off his shoulders, Will winces, he knows he's going to ache later. He groans quietly as Hannibal's softening cock slips from his hole, clenching at the empty feeling, warm cum dribbling from him. He sighs in contentment when Hannibal leans his forehead against Will's chest, nuzzling into the soft material of his t-shirt, he strokes his sweat damp hair fondly.

Will stares at the ceiling, he can feel the alcohol slowly starting to ebb from his bloodstream burnt away by adrenaline and endorphins. He licks his lips and swallows, feeling parched, he can still taste whiskey on his tongue.

“If only I had known all it would take was a little alcohol.” Hannibal comments smugly, his words muffled against Will's chest.

Will slaps his arm lightly and huffs a small laugh. He clenches his hole, enjoying the faint ache and feeling of Hannibal's cum leaking from his body, and sighs softly. Maybe next time he won't need quite so much whiskey.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!